CHAPTER I.

A GREAT storm had raged with unabated fury for three days, but now at the shutting down of twilight the clouds were breaking, and toward the sunset there gleamed a single spark of blood-red light low down upon the western mountains. The wind had changed from the east, and the breeze that fanned the boyish brow of Ralph Trenholme as he paced back and forth over the shingly shore, was like the breath of early June. And it was the last of October. The sea was still high, tossing in at intervals remnants of the ill-starred ship that had gone to pieces on Joliet Rock, just outside the harbor mouth of Portlea.

How anxious had been the hearts on shore for that wretched ship! How earnestly they had watched it since early dawn, when it had appeared in the offing—driven about helpless, at the mercy of the winds and waters, and at last dashed upon the cruel rocks. They had devised vainly among themselves, those hardy fishermen, ways and means to save the vessel from her fate. The proud mistress of Trenholme House—better known as High Rock—had come out into the storm, as pale and anxious at the rudest fisherman's wife among them—come out to beg them to do all that human arm could do; to offer them gold if they could save but one poor life; and those brave, courageous men had looked at her, and at each other, sorrowfully and in silence; they knew by stern experience that no boat could live an hour in a sea like that. And so the ship was left to go down unaided.

But Ralph Trenholme could not be quiet. With the daring impulsiveness of a boy of fourteen, he had thrice launched the Sea Foam, his own little boat, to go to the aid of the sufferers, but as many times had the men of the coast forced him back. They would not stand by and see him go to death for nought. Ralph fought against them bravely, but was obliged to yield, and restless, and chafing at his inactivity, which seemed to him almost cowardly, he paced the shore, and looked out to sea.

There came a great wave. He watched it rising afar off, and saw that it bore upon its crest something whiter than even the foam. He darted down to the water line, and stood there when it came so near that it drenched him through, but he caught the precious freight it bore in his arms, and by the wan light he looked into the face of a little child—a girl—perhaps six or seven years old, with pure features, stilled into calm repose, and long, curling locks of gold, floating dripping down, and tangled with seaweed. She was dressed in white, and around her waist was a scarf of blue tissue, but the other end was lost, torn away, probably, from the support to which she had been bound by some one who had cared to save her. Ralph gathered her up with something like triumph swelling his heart. If she were only alive he might have the satisfaction of knowing that he had saved a life, for if she had been dashed in upon the shore, the sharp rocks would have crushed out from that beautiful face every semblance of humanity. He puts his lips down to hers. There was a faint warmth. He ran up the steep path leading to High Rock, bearing his treasure in his arms, and in to his mother, who was sitting before the great fire that streamed redly up the chimney.

"See what the sea has given me!" he cried, putting her down on the sofa. "A real little sea nymph! and as beautiful as an angel!"

"Softly, my son," said Mrs. Trenholme, with mild dignity. "Run for Dr. Hudson—perhaps she can be restored."

Ralph was off instantly, but when he returned with the doctor, the little girl did not need his aid; she was sitting up, and looking around her with great wondering eyes, and a flush of scarlet on either cheek. But when they questioned her, she could give no satisfactory reply. She put her hand to her forehead, in a confused sort of way, and said she could not remember. All knowledge of the past was blotted out. It was as if it had never been. She had forgotten her own name. She did not even remember that she had been on shipboard, and when they asked her about her parents, she looked at them in such a dazed sort of a way that Mrs. Trenholme saw at once it was useless to press the matter. The severe shock her nervous system had received from remaining so long in the water had brought total oblivion of the past.

Her clothing was fine and costly, but there were no trinkets by which any clue to her parentage could be obtained. The only thing that might serve to identify her was a minute scarlet cross, just below the shoulder, on her arm—a mark that had evidently been pricked into her skin with some indelible substance.

After a few weeks the wonder and curiosity which this sole survivor of the wreck had excited died away, and Mrs. Trenholme, yielding to the earnest solicitations of Ralph, decided to adopt her, and rear her as her own. The child was christened Marina, which means from the sea, and turned over to the care of Kate Lane, the nurse, who still had the charge of Agnes, Mrs. Trenholme's little six years' old daughter.

Marina was a beautiful child—you would seldom see a beauty so faultless as hers. Every day developed some new charm. Her golden hair grew more golden, her eyes bluer and deeper, and her smile rarer and sweeter. Occasionally, she would break out into snatches of song — old melodies — strange to all who listened, something she must have learned in other lands, and beneath sunnier skies.

The waif had found a good home, all the neighborhood said. So she had. High Rock was the manor house of the vicinity, the Trenholmes the wealthiest old family in that part of the state. The lands belonging to the estate were wide and fertile, the old house was a romance in itself, albeit a most stately one. It was built far out on a great peak, closely overhanging the sea—a massive structure of gray stone, with towers and gable windows, and wide piazzas.

Mr. Trenholme had held many offices of public trust, and as a man and a scholar had stood very high. He had died suddenly, two years before the opening of our story. Mrs. Trenholme had truly and tenderly loved her husband, and natures like hers never forget. Her best consolation she found in the affection she bore her children; and Ralph and Agnes were worthy of all the love she gave them. With very little of their mother's haughty pride, they had inherited all her beauty and gentleness, while to Ralph, along with his father's fine intellect, had descended his earnest heart, his strong affections, and his almost chivalrous sense of honor. Ralph was eight years older than Agnes. At fourteen he was a tall, handsome boy, with a dark, clear complexion, brown eyes, and curling chestnut hair. Agnes was of the less intense type, with delicately cut features, dark hazel eyes, a pale complexion, and a flush of scarlet on her sweet lips.

These were the children with whom little Marina was thrown. They grew up together. The girls loved each other like sisters; indeed, there was little chance for them to know the difference.

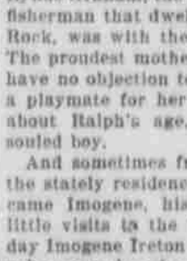
The children had but few playmates. The neighborhood was not very select, and Mrs. Trenholme was very particular. Lynde Graham, the only child of a poor fisherman that dwelt at the foot of the Rock, was with them most frequently. The proudest mother in the land would have no objection to Lynde Graham as a playmate for her children. He was about Ralph's age, a darling, noble-souled boy.

And sometimes from Ireton Lodge—the stately residence of Judge Ireton—came Imogene, his daughter, to pay little visits to the Trenholmes. Some day Imogene Ireton would make hearts ache; some day she would be absolutely magnificent in her beauty. Even now she was queenly. Her complexion was like the creamy petals of a lily; her hair and eyes were black as night, and at times her cheeks flushed like carnations, and her voice rang out like the music of silver bells. Her whole bearing was like that of one who knows she was born for conquest. She was haughty, arrogant and selfish.

At sixteen, Ralph Trenholme left home for college. He remained there four years, returning home only for a week or two at vacation time, and then not always seeing Marina and Agnes, who were at a boarding school for young misses. After his graduation, he made the European tour, and four years elapsed before, bronzed and bearded, he again set foot upon his native land.

Meanwhile, Lynde Graham had fought a hard battle and come off conqueror. Men with eyes like his seldom fail to accomplish what they undertake with their whole souls. He had fitted himself for college, taught to gain the money requisite to defray his expenses, and just as Ralph arrived home, Lynde Graham had come back to the fisher's cottage, with the diploma from Harvard in his pocket. He had graduated with the very highest honors, and at once began studying medicine with Dr. Hudson, of Portlea.

CHAPTER II.



"WELL, my son, what do you think of your gift from the sea?" said Mrs. Trenholme, one day, a few weeks after her son's return.

He was lying on a lounge drawn up before a southern window, where the late October sun poured in its gold, his head lying in her lap, her white fingers hidden among his chestnut curls. He looked up into her eyes, took her hand, and pressed it slowly to his lips.

"I think, dear mother, that she is the most beautiful being I ever saw. I have seen the brunettes of Italy, the fair-faced women of Circassia, the languid Spaniards, with their eyes of fire, and the oriental seraphs of the Turk's harem, but none like Marina."

Something like a shadow fell over the face of Mrs. Trenholme. He felt the change in her voice, slight though it was.

"Yes," she said, "Marina is beautiful. It were a pity that she has no family—no name, even, save what we have given her. Her parentage must ever, I suppose, remain a secret. Indeed, my son, I blush sometimes to think of it, but perhaps she was the offspring of shame and thus abandoned. You will remember, perhaps, that no female bodies were ever washed up from the wreck of the vessel. And it is not customary for children like her to be put on shipboard without a woman's care."

An angry flush rose to Ralph's cheek. He sprang up quickly.

"Never, mother! you wrong her! I would stake my life that Marina is nobly born. We may never, in all probability we never shall, know the secret of her birth, but if we do, mark me, we shall find her fully our equal!"

Mrs. Trenholme smiled at his earnestness, as she replied:

"To change the conversation, Imogene Ireton is coming here tomorrow, for a visit of indefinite length. I think Imogene will surprise you. You have not seen her since you left home, I think?"

"I have not, but I have no doubt she has developed wonderfully. Imogene was always magnificent!"

"And now she has no peer. I have never seen one who would compare with her. But tomorrow you shall judge for yourself."

The conversation closed, and Ralph thought no more of it, until Imogene Ireton burst upon him. He was amazed. He had expected to see a very beautiful woman, but, instead, he touched the hand of a princess. Three years older than Marina, at nineteen she was fully developed, with a form that would have driven a sculptor wild with ambition to rival it. She was rather tall, with that graceful, high-bred ease of manner that came to her so naturally, and the voice that in her young girlhood had been so sweet, was now a breath of musical intoxication. Her complexion was still rarely clear, the cheeks a little flushed, the mouth a line of scarlet, the hair dark and lustrously splendid, and the eyes!—such eyes are never seen twice in the world at the same time. Ralph gazed into their depths, with a strange feeling of bewilderment. She fascinated him powerfully, and yet he felt a sort of coldness creeping round his heart—an almost incipient shudder shook him, as her soft hand fell like a snowflake into his.

In the daily intercourse which followed, the feeling somewhat wore away, and though Miss Ireton, at the end of a fortnight, had not succeeded in capturing the heir of Trenholme, it must be admitted that she had interested him. Toward Lynde Graham, who was at the Rock almost daily, she was cold and reserved; she never forgot the distance between Judge Ireton's heiress and the son of a poor fisherman. And yet, despite her coldness, which at times was almost scorn, before she returned home Lynde Graham had learned to love her. He kept his unfortunate secret to himself; he felt that it would cause him nothing but pain and sorrow, should it escape him by word or deed.

The winter passed quietly. There was an occasional pleasure party, but they were by no means frequent, and it was not until summer came that the real round of pleasuring, which was destined to break the calm of the Rock for the season, began.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WATCH ADJUSTER.

He Is a Man Whose Delicate Work Requires Large Experience and Much Skill.

Perhaps the most highly skilled and best paid men in the watchmaking business are the watch adjusters. One adjuster in a great factory used to receive $10,000 a year. The adjuster's work is one of the important elements of cost in the making of a fine watch, and a $10,000 adjuster should be competent to perfect any watch, whatever its delicacy and cost. It is the business of the adjuster to take a new watch and carefully go over all its parts, fitting them together so that the watch may be regulated to keep time accurately to the fraction of a minute a month. Regulating is a very different process from adjusting and much simpler. A watch that cannot be regulated so as to keep accurate time may need the hand of the adjuster, and if it is valuable the owner will be advised to have it adjusted. There are watch adjusters in New York working on their own account and earning very comfortable incomes. To the adjuster every watch that comes under his hands gets to have a character of its own. He knows every wheel and screw and spindle that help to constitute the watch. He knows its constitution as a physician knows that of an old patient. He can say what the watch needs after an accident, and can advise as to whether it is worth adjusting. No new watch can be depended upon until it has passed through the hands of the adjuster, for however admirable the individual parts of the works, their perfect balance is to be obtained only by such study and experiment as it is the business of the adjuster to make. The adjuster is a highly skilled mechanic, with wide knowledge of his business, and the utmost deftness in its prosecution.

Above Mannheim the Rhine is to be made navigable as far as Strasburg. As a canal will be inadequate, important changes must be made in the river bed.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

Ralph had invited a couple of young gentlemen with their sisters up from the city, and Miss Ireton came over to the Rock with a gay party of her own friends. Boating, picnicking, hunting, fishing and strolling in the woods filled up the days, and in the evening they had dancing and music and conversation. Miss Ireton professed a great attachment for Agnes, but toward Marina she was always frosty, though sufficiently gracious to avoid attracting attention.

Ralph saw plainly whither his mother was drifting. She had set her heart upon his making Imogene his wife. She had never told him so, in just so many words, but her every act spoke her desire. Ralph loved his mother, and he most devoutly wished to know whether he loved Miss Ireton. Sometimes when she sat beside him, her faced drooped, her eyes downcast, her fragrant breath warm on his face, he fancied she was all the world to him, and then a single tone of Marina's sweet voice would dispel even the memory of Imogene's presence.

One sunny afternoon, the party at the Rock went for a ramble down the shore. Imogene, swinging her straw hat on her arm, walked by the side of Ralph. Growing far down in a cleft of a rock, she spied a bunch of purple flowers. She claped her hands with childish glee.

"What lovely blossoms! Such a perfect shade of purple! How I wish I had them for my hair! My heliotropes are ugly by comparison!" And she tore the odious things from her massive braids and crushed them in her hand.

Marina, too, was looking down at the coveted flowers. Ralph stepped toward them. Lynde Graham and Mr. Verstein both spoke together.

"Don't go, Trenholme! It looks dangerous!"

Ralph laughed.

"Gallant gentlemen, to think of danger where a lady's gratification is concerned! I count myself fortunate to be allowed the privilege of risking so little for so much!"

Miss Ireton blushed with triumph. Marina's eyes were downcast.

Ralph swung himself over the cliff. Both the girls advanced to look over. He gathered the blossoms, put them in his bosom, and prepared to return. But he placed his foot on an insecure stone; it gave way, and he was precipitated downward. A clump of spruce broke, somewhat, his fall, but those who looked over the brink hardly dared hope that there was anything but death beneath!

Miss Ireton fell back, pale and trembling. Agnes lost all consciousness in a swoon, but Marina leaned over, and called into the depths, with her clear, soft voice:

"Mr. Trenholme!"

She always called him so now. It was no longer Ralph, as of old. There was on reply. She rose up, pale as death, but there was no tremor in her voice as she said:

"Dr. Graham, we must get him up. There are ropes and a boat a few rods above."

Graham was off for them and back again in a moment. The gentlemen looked at each other inquiringly. There was no way to reach Trenholme, save by descending the face of the cliff. Marina took an end of the rope and made it fast around her waist.

They read her purpose in her eyes and strove to dissuade her, but she answered, calmly:

"No, I can go best of all. Your strength will be needed to draw us both up. And I have lived among these cliffs from childhood."

They offered no further resistance, but lowered her carefully down. She touched the hand of Ralph Trenholme—it was warm. Her heart gave a great bound. She knew that he lived. She disengaged the rope and put it about him, and in rapid succession both were drawn up to their friends.

Trenholme was only stunned, and the motion revived him. He rose to his feet, and took the flowers from his bosom. Some deep purpose glowed in his eyes. He turned to Marina, who stood a little apart.

"They are children of the salt spray, like yourself, Marina," he said. "Wear them and do me honor."

She colored slowly, bowed her graceful head, and fastened them in her curls. Imogene's eyes flashed dangerously, but her voice was cool as she said:

"Dear me, how pretty! But purple is hardly becoming to a blonde, though no one objects to purple and gold, I believe."

After that, Ralph devoted himself to Marina, and not all the blandishments of the black-eyed syren could win him from his allegiance. Once only, she tried palpably to bring him back. He had promised to teach Marina a new move in chess, that night, promised in the hearing of Imogene. As he was passing the conservatory on his way to the little room occupied by the girls in common, he heard his name called:

"Mr. Trenholme."

He knew the voice at once, and went to Imogene.

"Isn't it a perfect night?" she said, looking out into the clear moonlight. "It is so sweet, it makes me restless. I wish you would go and walk with me on the cliffs. Will you?" She put her hand on his arm and looked up at him with her matchless eyes.

He dropped her hand gently from his arm.

"Thank you," he said quietly. "It would afford me much pleasure, but I have engaged to play a game of chess with Marina. I will send Verstein or Dr. Graham to you."

What a look she flashed upon him! Her eyes fairly shot lightning, her face was like a thunder-cloud. She closed her small hand slowly; the action was significant, but the voice in which she replied was cool and even:

"Oh! of course I would not interfere with any previous engagement. You need not trouble either of the other gentlemen. On second thought, I must go to my room and finish a letter which ought to have gone this morning. Au revior."

And she swept away.

CHAPTER III.

THEIR game of chess over, Trenholme drew Marina out upon the western piazza, and from thence to the path leading to the cliffs. They walked on silently, as people do whose hearts beat as one—walked on, her hand in his, unheeding that the sweet night had changed, and that the cold wind was glooming the sky with black clouds.

They sat down together on a broken fragment of rock that seemed to lean out, listening to the murmur of the sea. Trenholme put his arm around Marina.

"My child," he said, "you have known me a long time. Do you trust me?"

She looked up into his face with the confidence of a child.

"Yes; Ralph, as I trust no other."

"I am glad. Because I want you for my wife. I love you. I have loved you, I think, ever since the sea cast you up at my feet, and now I want you wholly my own."

She did not reply, only looked at him, in a little tremulous flutter of wonder, her innocent heart shining through her eyes.

"Marina, I am waiting for you to speak."

"But, Ralph, I have no name," she sighed.

"I have given you mine once, now I offer it to you for all your life!"

"But your mother?"

"My mother is proud, but she loves me. And she will love my wife. Marina, answer me, dear."

"What shall I say?"

"Tell me if you love me—if you trust me enough to give yourself into my keeping?"

His face was bent to hers. She put her arm timidly around his neck.

"I do love you, Ralph," she said softly, "more than all the world! And I have been so wretched, thinking you cared for Miss Ireton!"

"My little Marina! Miss Ireton is magnificent, but I do not love her. You are my light. Nothing shall divide us."

He took her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers.

Just then the storm burst over them. The thunder crashed, the lightning gleamed blood-red athwart the heavens. Trenholme caught Marina up, and bounded lightly from rock to rock up the circuitous path to the house. Just across the end of the piazza lay the fallen form of the old sycamore tree that had for years waved over the eastern gables, rent and riven into splinters by a fiery thunderbolt. Marina grew pale as death and shivered when she saw it.

"O Ralph! Ralph!" she cried, clinging to him, "it is an omen!"

He kissed her, to soothe her fears.

"My darling! it is nothing. The lightning likes an old tree, and this has kept guard here for ages. Do not give it a thought. To-night I shall speak to my mother. Sleep well, dear; remember you belong to me."

He left her at the door of her chamber, which was in the east wing, on the second floor, and whose bay windows had always been shaded by the great tree now fallen.

Neither Ralph nor Marina had seen, crouching under the fallen trunk, the weird form that looked at them out of great, revengeful eyes, that clutched its white hand through the gloom, muttering hoarsely:

"My hour will come! and then beware!"

Marina crept into bed, trembling at the fierce raging of the storm, yet filled with a strange delight. Her lips yet thrilled with his kisses; she held her hands tenderly to her heart, because his fingers had pressed them.

Ralph went into his mother's little private boudoir. He found her sitting there alone, as he had expected. He went at the subject at once:

"Mother, Marina is to be my wife."

She stared and grew pale as death. What she had so long dreaded had come.

"Well?" she said, a little haughtily.

"I ask you to accept her as a daughter, and to love her, if not for her own sake, at least for mine. And she deserves even your love, in justice to her merits."

"Partiality may influence your opinion in regard to Marina's virtues; but I have nothing to urge against her character. I helped to form it myself Ralph. I have feared this for a long time, but I hoped for a different result. I am frank with you. I had set my heart on seeing you the husband of Imogene Ireton. She is beautiful, she is your equal in wealth and rank—and more, she loves you!"

"Mother!"

"I know you think, my son, that one woman should never betray another's secrets. And perhaps she should not. But I hoped this fact might have an influence with you."

"And it has not. I love only Marina—none other. And she loves me. Mother, will you accept her as I ask you?"

"Ralph, how can I? I am of a proud race. I believe in blood. And this girl has not even a name!"

"She will have mine. It is an honorable one. No fairer lady has ever borne it; and the world knows many noble and beautiful women have borne it worthily."

"Will nothing move you, Ralph?"

"Mother, words are useless. My mind is fixed. Forgive me if I seem undutiful, for in loving Marina I have not ceased to love my mother, but in marriage love should be first always."

He sank down on one knee before her, and put his head in her lap, just as he used to do, when a child he came to have his little troubles soothed away.

"Mother, dear, bless me, and promise to love Marina."

He looked up into her face, and the look conquered. His eyes were like those of his dead father. She bent over him and kissed his forehead, her face wet with tears. He understood the gesture, and went away from her content. The next day at dinner, the engagement was announced.

CHAPTER IV.

THE preparations for the wedding of the heir of Trenholme house were on a magnificent scale. Mrs. Trenholme having once yielded, would do the generous thing, and Marina would be married with all the pomp and ceremony that she would have given to Agnes in the same case.

The gentle bride took very little interest in the preparation. She liked best to sit out on the cliffs with Ralph, her hand in his, her sweet eyes looking out to sea from whence she came to him. And so the blissful summer days went by, and brought nigh the twentieth of September, the time set apart for the bridal.

Miss Ireton had been profuse in her congratulations, and it was by Marian's own request that she came over to the Rock a week before the wedding day, to assist in various items of the bride's trousseau. And she was to be bridesmaid and remain until they had set forth on their wedding tour.

The twentieth arrived, clear and cloudless and bland. A large party had assembled at the Rock two or three days previously, and was made still larger by constantly arriving reinforcements. The ladies-in-waiting had dressed the bride and left her to herself. The hour-hand on the great clock in the hall pointed to ten. It was the hour set for the ceremony. The bishop came forward in his robes. Mrs. Trenholme spoke to the bridesmaids as they stood in a group before her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PREPARATION OF MEATS.

Methods by Which the French Butchers Excel in Their Calling.

Butchers' meat (in France) is prepared, divided and arranged in the shops in such a manner that it never suggests slaughter. It is a rare thing for one to see a stain on counter, bench or floor. The mode of killing the animals probably has something to do with this freedom from moisture and dripping. Maria Parloa, in an article on "The Science of French Cooking," in the Ladies' Home Journal, says the animals are not bled before being killed, as might be inferred from the absence of moisture, but they are killed in such a manner that veins and arteries are emptied quickly and thoroughly. After this the animal is bouffee, that is, filled with wind. The large arteries are pressed open and the points of large bellows are inserted into them. While the bellows are being worked a man beats all parts of the carcass with a flat stick. This is to distribute the air in all parts of the flesh. All this work is done very rapidly. The inflating of the animal in this manner gives a fuller and firmer appearance to the meat, and, I fancy, empties the veins and arteries more effectually than they would otherwise be. The French use very little ice, and meats are kept only a few days at the most. The best of beef in France does not compare with American beef, but the veal is superior to anything we have. It is valued more highly than any other product of the butcher. But no matter what the viand when it comes to the hands of the cook it is so prepared that she has but little to do to it except to cook it.

Five charters were asked of the A. R. U. last month in Ohio.